

Halo: Battle Royal

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Summary: A bunch of spartans go out to destroy a large Halo. Action all the way! (Microsoft's characters aren't mine)

1. Default Chapter

Chapter 1

On the small planet Mattie, in the wee hours of the morning, when the sun had barely risen and dew was spread on every blade of grass, four warriors waited patiently in hiding. These four were Bryan, Justin, Katie and Charlie; they were the pinnacles of warfare technology. They were Spartan III's. The early Spartans IIs from the mid 2520's to early 2550's were children who had been kidnapped, flash cloned, and sent back to their families, oblivious to the fact that they were copies. At the age of six they were brought to the fortress world Reach and trained to be the best soldiers the UNSC (United Nations Space Command) had to offer. Then at age fourteen, when they were as strong and quick as eighteen-year-old Olympic athletes, the Spartan IIs went through a series of cybernetic procedures to make them faster, stronger, and tougher. By the time the UNSC were finished with the young soldiers, they could lift three times their body weight, run at fifty-five kilometers per hour, had reaction time that were off the scale, see in the dark, hear a pin drop in a sand storm, and use any weapon and vehicle, wither human or alien.

But the best was yet to come, a scientist named Dr. Halesy, who was also in charge of the Spartan II project, created the MJOLNIR Mark V armor, which tripled the Spartan's strength and gave them a personal protection shield, which can take several hits before giving in and needing time to recharge. This armor made the Spartan's practically invincible. The Spartan III project was much like its predecessor, except that Spartan IIIs were given MJOLNIR Mark VII armor, the most advanced version of the MJOLNIR armor to date.

Every Spartan was the perfect soldier, helpful to their inferiors, obedient to their superiors, and relentless to their enemies.

Presently, this particular squad of four Spartans IIIs was charged with an important mission: defend a military outpost from a massive Covenant attack. The Covenant were the worst enemies Mankind has ever faced, beside themselves. They were an advanced collective of races, united under their religious beliefs and felt Humanity was an affront to their Gods. Therefore, they began a holy war against the humans. For a long time it looked like they were going to win, with superior Slipspace technology and better, more powerful starships. Indeed, in 2552 the Covenant found Earth and nearly destroyed it. But the Spartan II project, in particular a Spartan named 'Master Chief', and the Covenant's own internal strife caused their campaign to come grinding to a halt. Now, in the year 2579, the Covenant are pulling away from Earth, licking their wounds and planning their next strategy.

However, there was occasionally, like today, a Covenant offensive. There were already 2 Covenant cruisers, which looked like monstrous rounded purple frying pans, in orbit above the planet Mattie, and the UNSC base on there was almost completely cut off, Almost. The UNSC navy managed to smuggle the team of Spartans in while three frigates distracted one of the Covenant cruisers. When the Spartans reached the base the strategists there had already formulated a plan of defense, but they required the Spartans for it, as it was such a dangerous plan. Now, as the sun rose, the four Spartans waited to spring their trap.

Bryan, the squad leader, was positioned on the second floor of an office building next to a hole which had been blown out by Covenant artillery, and was right next to a main road leading to the UNSC base. Bryan was a tall Spartan, when in his blood Red armor he was at least seven feet two inches and stronger than anyone else in his squad. He was an excellent leader and was famous for being the best Warthog driver of all the Spartans. Justin was Bryan's second in command and best friend; Bryan knew he could trust Justin with anything, even his life. Justin was a very cheery guy and was always popping one-liners where they were needed; he was also the shortest Spartan in the squad, only six feet eight inches even with his Cobalt armor. He was positioned behind a bunker in an alley across from Bryan's position. Katie was the demolitions expert of the group, even though all the Spartans knew a lot about every kind of explosive, Katie knew a little extra. She could jerry-rig a bomb or grenade from house-hold equipment faster than anyone else in the Spartan III program. She wore Sage colored and was perhaps the fastest thinker of the Spartans, though all the Spartans were extremely intelligent, Katie could, for some odd reason, process information faster than the most Spartans. Charlie was the best sniper in the group, though was not the best sniper of all, which Charlie seriously resented; he didn't like being second best. He wore Yellow armor, but his armor color didn't match usual mood; he was usually very moody, quiet and almost never talked to the rest of the squad, unless it was to talk strategy or an all Spartan meeting. If Charlie ever spoke, it was usually never longer than 1 sentence. He preferred to be isolated and thus, was the perfect sniper. He could effortlessly disappear in to his environment and was almost never found unless he wanted to be, which basically made him the squad's reconnaissance expert.

Bryan was going over the plan in his head for the umpteenth time as he sat in his perch with his trusty M90 shotgun and M19 SSM rocket launcher tucked next to him. As he thought he hunkered deeper into his cover until he was sure no one could see him, removed his several

million dollar helmet and began snacking on a ration bar. As far as he could see the plan couldn't go wrong, everything had been planned out and prepared for the Covenant attack. All they had to do was continue waiting. They had been waiting for 3 days. His squad was bored and getting careless, this was bad. Already he had had to tell Katie twice last night that she couldn't jog back to the base for a book. If something didn't happen soon, they would all go up the wall! "_Bryan, enemies sighted to the East_." Charlie said over the COM as if he was saying the ice cream man was coming around the corner. _I should be more careful what I wish for_ Bryan thought to himself.

2. First Fight

Chapter 2

The squad quickly snapped into action; Bryan downed his ration bar and stuffed his helmet back on and sealed it, Katie, who was busy taking her submachine gun apart, put it back together in seconds and Justin, who was listening to heavy metal music he downloaded into his helmet against regulations, turned his tunes off and hefted his heavy rocket launcher with little effort, thanks to his Spartan III strength. "_Charlie, how many hostiles do you see_?" Bryan asked over the Spartan's private COM. "_20-30 Grunts, 12 Elites of various colors, 2 Wraith tanks and Jackals guarding the flanks and rear_." Charlie stated as he looked at the phalanx of Covenant troops through his sniper rifle. "Do not, I repeat, do _not_ engage the enemy before I give the signal." Bryan ordered unnecessarily. All the Spartans remembered the plan; Bryan was just making sure their boredom didn't make them forget. "_Spartans, do not allow yourselves to be seen until we've sprung the trap, over_." Everyone's acknowledgment light flashed. Bryan sunk lower into his hiding spot.

Justin kept his head down, but allowed his head to rise just enough so he could see through the little slot in his barricade. He could hear the hum of the Wraiths' gravity boosters that let it float two feet above the ground. The dark purple tanks were sloped forward at a downward angle, with the plasma launcher on the top of the slope. They could launch a blue ball of plasma the size of a small car, and obliterate anything in the blast radius. Justin tightened his grip on the launcher and set his sight to the corner where the first tank would be passing any minute.

'Detonator, Check. SMG magazine, Check. Grenades, check.' Katie carefully checked her arsenal again for the third time. This had to be perfect. She pulled an optic wire out of her pouch and eased it around the corner, linked the wire's transmission to her HUD, and waited. She now had a full view of the main road where the Covenant advance would be coming down. She saw the Wraiths ease, with casual slowness, around the corner and start towards the UNSC building five miles down this road. Katie carefully thumbed open the detonator.

Bryan was very surprised; he had expected a much larger Covenant force. He had been told to prepare for at least _five_ tanks when there were only two. 'Oh well, looks like that's a couple of saved rockets' Bryan thought as he pulled out his launcher and took aim at the first tank. He waited 1.3 minutes for the first tank to get into position, and then gave the order. "_Mines go_."

Katie pressed the detonator.

The Lotus Anti-Tank mines under the first tank exploded. The shrapnel alone tore the under belly to pieces, causing the plasma power generator to explode. It then, unceremonious, crashed into the pavement, blocking the second tanks advance. "_Rockets go_." Bryan and Justin fired their rocket launchers at the same time, sandwiching the second mortar tank between two fiery blasts. Bryan and Justin then fired their remaining rocket into the throng of Grunts, causing several to fly through the air, their blue blood smearing the walls of the surrounding buildings. "_All Spartans fire at will_!" Bryan yelled into his helmet COM as he tossed the rocket launcher grabbed his shotgun and jumped down from his second story perch, his heel slamming into the back of a confused Elite's neck, killing him instantly. Justin also discarded his empty launcher, leaped over his barricade and opened up with his Battle Rifle. Katie abandoned her cover and charged at the Covenant, firing her SMG. The Grunts, utterly confused and frightened, ran in random directions. But the Elites, too proud to run away, held their ground and fired back with their plasma rifles, carbines and plasma grenades.

"HU-RAH!" Justin yelled as a three round burst from his Battle rifle hit an Elite in the head after Bryan took down the alien's personal shield with a shotgun at point blank range. Suddenly Justin's shield flared as five nearby Grunts and two Jackals regained their wits and fired with their plasma pistols and needlers, forcing Justin to duck behind a wrecked car while his shields recharged. "I need help over here! They've got me pinned!" Justin yelled into his COM, when suddenly the aliens stopped firing. Justin poked his head out and found his antagonists were all dead, with holes in their heads.

Charlie smiled, a rare thing indeed. Charlie went back to work picking off the last of the fleeing Grunts.

Bryan felt a bead of sweat go down his forehead as he struggled to keep the Elite from killing him. He had been tackled by an Elite, a black Spec-ops one no less, and was lying on his back while being strangled by this black enemy kept him pinned to the ground. His breath was getting shorter and blackness was clouding his vision, but Bryan ignored it and focused on throwing his attacker off him. The Special Ops Elite laughed, sensing Bryan's weakening. Suddenly several bullets connect with the Elites side and the force of them threw him off. Bryan rolled out of the way and pulled his M6C Magnum sidearm from his holster, all in one smooth motion. He found himself standing next to Katie, who had her SMG aimed at the Elite's chest. They exchanged looks and opened fire at the same time, Bryan with his Magnum and Katie with her SMG. The stubborn Elite fell before the barrage of bullets and died, emitting a long, echoing scream before he transcended to the great beyond.

After a through search of the area, where there were several small skirmishes, the Spartan III's grabbed their gear and headed back to base, where their presence was requested immediately. The ride out was better then the ride in because UNSC forces had arrived and destroyed the 2 Covenant Cruisers who had attacked the planet. Once on New Reach, the colony built over the ruins of the UNSC planet Reach, the Spartans were immediately whisked away to a deep underground meeting room. The room was circular, with a stage and

holo-projector to show holograms of maps and objects. The four Spartans were seated in front of the stage; where none other than Senior Chief Petty Officer Spartan-104, also known by the first Spartans as Fred, was standing. "Greetings Spartans 295(Bryan), 274(Justin), 197(Katie) and 237(Charlie). You are here because you are some of the best we have." The SCPO said in a low voice. "What you are about to hear is top secret, it will never leave this room until you get to your objective. Understand?" Bryan's Spartans nodded "Good. Some time ago another team of Spartans raided a Covenant held Forerunner structure; they succeeded and found a great amount of data. But this," A hologram of a sun with a long ribbon going around it appeared "is the single most defining piece of data they found. Yes?" Katie had raised her hand. "Sir, what is that?" "The most destructive weapon in this universe." Several eyebrows rose at this. "It is another Halo. A bigger Halo. Much, much bigger." All the Spartan's, especially Fred's, spine tingled. The Halo's were gigantic rings that were in orbit above other planets or gas giants in the case of the first Halo. They had water, oxygen, plants and lots and lot of space; they were each ten thousand kilometers in diameter and 22.3 kilometers thick. However they had all been destroyed, either by the Covenant or Humans, because of what lived on Halo. What lived on all the Halos was the Flood.

The Flood is parasitic life form that comes in three forms: the Infection forms are basketball sized gas balloons with short tentacles, proboscis for stabbing into your neck and advantage in numbers. The Combat forms, which is what you become when the Infection forms infect you, are crazed, mutant, zombie freaks with amazing speed, a powerful melee attack, incredible resilience and almost no brain power. And the Carrier form, which is what the Combat forms turn into when they are destroyed, are slow moving, potato-shaped mobile incubators for more Infection forms. Every Spartan knows about the Flood, they were taught to all Spartans ever since the first Halo/Flood incident, in which Master Chief had had first-hand experience fighting the Flood. But the Fore Runners, the ones who built the Halos and took care of the Flood because their 'survival as a species depended on it', weren't stupid. They knew the Flood was dangerous, so they built a fail-safe; a pulse beam built into all the Halos that could destroy all sentient life with in 25,000 light-years of the ring. Also if one was triggered, all were triggered, destroying all life in the galaxy. With no sentient life to infect, the Flood would starve out.

After a few moments of silence the Spartans got back to business. "This Halo is several hundred times larger then the other Halos. It circles this sun, named Sylvan, in the Zypher region of the galaxy. Fortunately, the Covenant hasn't found it yet. But that doesn't mean they won't. You need to get there first and destroy it before the Covenant arrives. Is that clear?" Bryan raised his hand. "Sir, how do we take that thing out? We won't have another Pillar of Autumn to blow up." "No, you won't so you'll improvise. Once there you'll need to find a way to blow up this Super Halo and get off. We can only provide one ship, some ODST and one AI." 'Hmmm, I've never worked with an AI before. Could be interesting.' Bryan thought as he rose. "Sir, as squad leader, I'll volunteer to take the AI to the surface. I don't think anyone else here wants something like an AI put in the back of their skull." Actually, none of the Spartans would have minded it if it helped them finish their mission. "What's so wrong with AIs?" A voice over the speakers asked, automatically every Spartan except Fred reached for their side arm that wasn't there;

they then scanned the room and, finding no one else there, turned to SCPO Frederic. "Aida! Come out." Fred shouted, seemingly to no one, when suddenly a slender female AI with long hair down to her shoulders appeared on the holoprojector. "Hi!" She said to the Spartans, who nodded back. Fred stepped over next to Aida. "This is Aida, and she's a copy of the old AI, Cortana. Aida's a valuable asset if used right. Treat her with respect." He turned to Aida. "Are you ready Aida?" "Sure. Let's go." Aida said, just a little sadly. Fred pushed a few buttons and pulled the chip with Aida in it out of the holoprojector and handed it to Bryan, who gulped and inserted it into the slot in the back of his helmet. There was a slight sting and then the feeling that he wasn't alone in his helmet. "You ok?" A voice in his head, Aida, asked. Bryan nodded, in time he would get used to feeling her presence. Bryan turned back to the SCPO, who had one more thing to say. "Your team name will be Alpha squad, and you will be rendezvousing with the team of Spartans who found the Forerunner info, designated Beta squad, at the Super Halo. When you meet them the code phrase you ask is 'Do butterflies fly in the desert?' The answer will be: 'Only cactus quills fly in the desert.' Dismissed."

3. The Ride

Chapter 3

One and half weeks later, the UNSC ship Arrowhead arrived in the Zypher sector. In the dead center of the sector was a star slightly larger than our own, Sylvan, and circling around it was a ring. The ring was just far away enough so it wasn't affected by Sylvan's gravity and heat. And, upon closer inspection, bodies of water, glaciers, forests and plains were dotted all along the inner part of the ring. It was so beautiful and yet so deadly. The Arrowhead made contact with the other ship in this sector, the Powatan, and were told the Spartan team who resided in this ship had already left for the Super Halo. Bryan, his team and 21 ODST (Orbital Drop Shock Troopers, but also known as 'Helljumpers') prepared for their descent to the Super Halo's surface. In the main launch bay, all the Spartan's loaded into a Pelican, except for Bryan, who was heading towards the Pelican at Aida's urging. But Bryan spotted an ODST heading for the launch bay next door. He was easy to spot thanks to his black armor and the T shaped visor on his helmet. Bryan stopped him. "Where are you going? All the Pelicans are here." "I'm going to the ODST launch bay. We're going down feet first!" The black clad trooper replied, saluting "Only the best, go the ODST way, sir!" "Oh, really? Stay here for a minute corporal." Bryan ordered as he headed back to the Pelican full of Spartans. "Spartans! Out of the Pelican, let's go!" Bryan yelled over the roar of the Pelican's engines. The Spartans obeyed instantly, though a little confused. The Spartans followed Bryan back to the Corporal's position. "Lead on corporal." Bryan ordered to the surprised Helljumper.

The Corporal led the Spartans to the ODST launch bay. It was a long hall with catwalks between rows of small one-man HEV, or Human Entry Vehicle pods, which looked a lot like coffins with ammo pouches and survival gear strapped to the inside. The marines called this room 'Hell's waiting room'. Almost all of the pods were full, except for four pods at the end of the hall, but a group of ODST was heading towards the remaining pods and the Spartans were too far away to get there in time. Or so it appeared. Bryan bolted towards the group with

the speed of a large cat, a red blur to the naked eye. The other Spartans quickly followed suit instantly, keeping pace only a foot and a half behind, and leaving a surprised ODSST corporal very confused as to where they were. Bryan appeared, seemingly out of nowhere, in between the Helljumpers and the pods. The rest of his squad soon followed. The ODSST were surprised so thoroughly that one black-clad warrior jumped backwards a whole foot and bumped into an occupied pod. "We need these HEVs." Bryan said matter-of-factly, the lead ODSST stepped forward. "You can't just take our rides! How are we gonna get down?" The leader objected, indicating to his troops. "There's still one Pelican left in the other launch bay. Plus, I'm the superior officer soldier, what ever I say goes." Bryan said calmly, though rather irritated, indicating to the rank on his chest, which read 'Senior Chief Petty Officer'. All the other Spartans were CPO Second Classes. The ODSSTs realized this, stood up straight and saluted, "Sorry sir. We'll go find that Pelican." They left without another word.

"Think you were hard enough on him?" Aida asked in his head. Bryan chose not to answer and addressed the Spartans. "Pick a pod and let's go!" Every one scrambled with amazing speed towards a pod, got in and sealed it. Soon, everyone, including the ODSST, were all in their own HEVs and the tech crew, who were double-checking the HEVs thrusters, had left. Suddenly Justin piped up on the COM. "Please put your seats and tray tables in their upright and locked positions. Keep your arms and legs inside the vehicle at all times and, most important of all, hold onto your helmet!" Then the room vented its atmosphere and the large clamps connecting the HEVs to the Arrowhead let the pods fall, one by one.

Bryan shifted in his small pod. It wasn't quite built for his size, but it beat going down in a Pelican any Covenant fool with a gun could shoot at. As the group of pods fell into the Super Halo's atmosphere, the pods inside began to heat up very fast. But thanks to the gel layer in Bryan's Mjolnir Mark VII, he still felt slightly cool, yet not cold. When they were about 30,000 feet up and doing eight Gees, small thrusters activated and slowed them down just enough so they weren't killed on impact. The pods fell one by one and Bryan's teeth shook when he impacted, then Bryan's pod door blew opened and he jumped out and drew his shotgun, ready to take on the Super Halo's challenges.

End
file.